

...THE...
CONVERTED CATHOLIC

EDITED BY REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xlii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

ONE of the greatest blessings in this world is the consciousness of the union that has been established between each one of us and God, through the finished work of Christ. To know that we are accepted of God for Christ's sake surpasses all other knowledge that man may acquire. "To know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," is the sum of all knowledge. And this knowledge comes to the humble and contrite of heart who put their trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a personal blessing within the reach of all.

The greatest difference between Roman Catholicism and Protestant Christianity is found in the personal relationship of the individual to God. Romanism makes the relation of man to Christ depend upon his relation to the Church, as it says, Who belongs to the Church belongs to Christ. Hence if a person who follows the teaching of Rome is asked, What is your religion? the answer invariably is, I am a Catholic; I go to the Catholic Church.

But Protestantism makes the re-

lation of man to the Church depend on his relation to Christ. He who belongs to Christ belongs to the true Church, and if questioned regarding his religion, the answer is, I am a Christian. If Roman Catholics would think of this relation to Christ and the Church they would see which is best. When the relation to Christ, union with Him by faith and trust is established, the relation to the Church follows, for the Church is the great company of believers who know Christ as their Saviour, and because they know Him and have heard His voice speaking to the soul, they have decided to follow Him and serve Him. "Come and follow Me." Thus it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

This relation of the soul to God is the chief thing to be sought in the Christian religion, and we repeat, in that relation lies the essential difference between evangelical Christianity and Roman Catholicism. God sent His Son into the world that all who believe in Him might be saved. By sin we are separated from God. By faith in Christ we are united with

Him. When each of us can say with Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," the word of the Lord comes to everyone as to Peter, "Blessed art Thou, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but My Father who is in heaven." Neither human science, nor learning, nor the power of the world, nor inheritance, nor natural gifts, can enable us to make this confession. It is the gift of God to the believing mind and the devout heart. Then follows the fellowship of kindred minds in the Church of Christ.

Born of the Flesh; Born of the Spirit.

It was a maxim of the old world that a person born in a certain state of life should remain in that condition. Born a Catholic, continue a Catholic; born a Mahometan, continue a Mahometan, etc. And the nations enacted laws prohibiting a change from one condition to another. The Roman Inquisition was established to prevent people from leaving the Roman Church, and to this day penalties are imposed in many countries for changing one's religion. Among what are called civilized nations, the Roman Church has been conspicuous in this respect. There have been other sinners in the governments of the earth, but Rome has been pre-eminent wherever it had the power to execute its decrees.

In the natural order one is born an American, a German, a Turk, etc., and continues in that condition, "born of the flesh," until a voluntary change is made and a new allegiance adopted. But in this natural sense, no person is born a Christian. That is a new birth. Very concisely does the Bible express it—"born of the Spirit." When the will of man is

inclined toward the will of God—and it is His will that all men should be saved—this new birth takes place. The conditions are plainly set forth in the New Testament. Repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—true repentance, and faith in the heart as well as in the head—is the first step on our part. The Holy Spirit, whom Jesus promised to send to His disciples, will bear witness to this new birth. It is his work in the soul. "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God," says Paul (Rom. 8:16); and again, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father" (Gal. 4:6).

Union with Christ makes us Christians; union with the Church follows.

Remarkable Events.

This last month of May will be memorable in history. The terrible disaster in the Windward Islands, Martinique and St. Vincent, when 32,000 persons perished, swept out of existence in a few minutes by a volcanic eruption from Mt. Pelée and Mt. Souffrière, was like what the Prophets of God predicted in the Old Testament as the doom of a sinful world. A scientific writer who visited Martinique a few days after the destruction of the city of St. Pierre, said there is scarcely a record in the world's history of a calamity so terrible.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, while most people in St. Pierre were beginning their day's work, Mount Pelée decided to strike its fatal blow. At that hour anxiety rose into terror. The mountain opened, burst, exploded!

Hot rocks, tons in weight, were for an instant seen leaving the mountain side. Then an avalanche of jet-black smoke shot in a straight line toward St. Pierre. Bright flashes of lightning caressed every undulation of the advancing fiend.

Overwhelming, terrible, was the report of the explosion. No cries were heard because terror culminates in silence, and before those nearest the mountain had realized their danger it was too late.

It was as if millions of big steamers had suddenly opened their safety valves and let the steam out, as the activity of the mountain culminated in the explosion. Those farthest away from the mountain attempted to flee, to hide, but within a few minutes not only life but the whole city was extinct.

I have it not from the mouth of any one who escaped—there was none. St. Pierre, its towers, its houses, its people, its lovely gardens—in a couple of minutes all had disappeared. A heap of stones and the ruins of walls dressed in ashes were all which met the eye.

The writer asks, Who is he that said St. Pierre perished for its sins? And he answers by saying, He ought also name the city which deserved to be spared!

— — — Peace for the Brave Boers.

The whole world rejoices that peace has been established in South Africa. The Bible-reading, God-fearing Boers have submitted to the favorable terms of peace proffered them by the English Government, and a new era has dawned for South Africa. The Boer country will be as free as Canada or Australia is, and the Bible will be an open book there for the blacks as well as the whites, as it is in other countries.

Rome Rule in Ireland.

The announcement from London in despatches to the American press that the Irish Nationalists, that is, the Irish members of the British Parliament, who are all Roman Catholics, will not participate in the celebration of the coronation of King Edward this month, causes no surprise. The King of England is a Protestant, and the laws of his country require him to take an oath to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion as it came down to him from his ancestors. That is enough for the Irish Roman Catholic leaders, who are the tools of the priests. They will not honor a Protestant King. The Pope requested them to be decent and orderly, but they will not. He granted a dispensation to all his followers in Great Britain to eat meat on Friday during the coronation week, but the Irish Catholics will not accept it. They will eat fish and drink whiskey and practically say, To h—l with the Pope, as it is said some strong Protestants in Ireland used to say in days gone by. The Pope would like to conciliate the English, but his Irish "subjects" will not obey him.

It would be good policy if the English Government would cultivate that "rebellion" of the Irish and help them to throw off the yoke of the Pope in all the affairs of life, spiritual and temporal. Many Irish Catholics, like Counsellor McCarthy of Dublin, and Mr. O'Donnell, the former member of Parliament, both learned men, are working in that direction. All Protestants should encourage rebellion against Popery. It is an act of heroism for a Catholic to write and speak against the iniquities of the Papal system and demand a change for the

good of the people who have been oppressed by that religion. Good will come from this exhibition of disloyalty and rebellion on the part of the Irish Catholics. In God's own good time they will learn that they can be saved without a Pope.

Conversion of a Monk.

A young monk who recently visited Christ's Mission, and whom we hope to send this summer to the Moody School at Mount Hermon, Mass., for the study of the Bible, as he has given evidence of conversion, and has an earnest desire to learn the way of God and become a useful teacher in evangelical lines, was directed to Christ's Mission when he came to this city from England and applied to the Y. M. C. A. for guidance. If ministers would advise priests and other intelligent Catholics who approach them for advice in spiritual things, to communicate with Christ's Mission, there would be less complaint that Catholics are hard to convert. This young monk—he was a member of the Franciscan Order—said Protestants did not understand him in his search for the truth, and though he was disgusted with Romanism he had not the peace of God until he came to Christ's Mission. We took him to hear Dr. Arthur T. Pier-son at the Gospel Tent in this city one afternoon, and that evening, at the service in Christ's Mission, he said he had found the Saviour who had been seeking him.

A Former Priest Prime Minister.

The elections in France last month were an endorsement of the policy of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who had been Premier for three years—a longer

period than any other statesman had been Prime Minister of the Republic. After successfully carrying the elections, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, for reasons of health, resigned, and President Loubet called M. Combes to form a ministry. This has been successfully accomplished, and M. Combes is the Premier. It is startling to learn that M. Combes was formerly a priest, but he withdrew from the Roman Catholic Church many years ago and became a Protestant. The New York papers, especially the *Tribune* and *Herald*, in noting this fact, said it was most remarkable that a former priest should be chosen as the highest official in the French Government, whose duty it would be to execute the laws passed in the last Parliament against the religious orders, especially the Jesuits and Assumptionists. It may be taken for granted that M. Combes will see that the law is enforced, for he has no love for the Jesuits. If the editor of this Magazine had received such an appointment, or one like it, he would make it so hot for the Jesuits in this country that they would quickly learn to behave themselves.

Who Will Pay the Bills?

Subscribers who have forgotten to remit their annual contribution do not realize the embarrassment and hardship caused by their oversight. The printer and paper man and postman and many others have to be paid for their work, for without their co-operation the Magazine could not be published. But who is going to pay the bills? Let our friends answer that question. Of course, with their answer will come a remittance which is greatly needed just now.

CHRIST'S MISSION WORK.

There was much interest at the services in the chapel of Christ's Mission last month, particularly one Sunday evening when the Rev. Adolphus Kistler, one of the commissioners of the Presbyterian General Assembly, preached. Mr. Kistler is a converted Catholic who is greatly interested in the work of the Mission. Two years ago when taking a post-graduate course of study at Princeton Seminary, he preached several times at the Mission, to the great pleasure and profit of the congregation, and his return to preach last month was greeted with affectionate enthusiasm. After doing excellent mission work in Texas for the last year, Mr. Kistler has been called to the pastorate of a new Presbyterian church in Barberton, Ohio. He is such an excellent preacher that Pastor O'Connor said if there were means to extend Christ's Mission Mr. Kistler ought to be engaged in it. He would be a winning evangelist to the Catholics.

At another Sunday evening service a priest was present who had come from his parish to visit Pastor O'Connor and observe the work of the Mission. After some delightful days of conference he returned to his parish to resign his charge and leave the Roman Catholic church forever. This gentleman is in the prime of life, of fine character and scholarly attainments.

As the hot weather approaches the attendance at the services decreases, but the mission will be kept open and the work will continue. Last month five houses in the vicinity of the Mission were torn down to make room for a large warehouse, so the Mission is now emphatically down-

town work, and for that reason all the harder. But much good can be done there still. "It is nice," said a minister and the editor of a great religious paper recently when informed of the conditions that make the work of the Mission so hard—"It is nice to have the martyr-spirit in down-town work; your reward will be great."

One of the cheering features of the work is the fact that Catholics continue to call at the Mission for counsel and instruction, and that letters are received from priests and monks who desire to leave the Roman Catholic Church. The prayers of God's people are asked for the work. It is a great privilege to help inquiring souls to a knowledge of the truth and lead them to the Saviour, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

A Good Annual Report.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Christ's Mission last month, the Rev. James A. O'Connor, secretary, presented the report of the work of the Mission for the year, and it was accepted with commendatory remarks by Mr. William Campbell and Rev. Albert B. King. Noteworthy was the pleasure of the trustees at the reference in the report to the number of priests who, by correspondence and personal visits, had consulted Mr. O'Connor. The kindness and sympathy manifested toward the priests who were earnestly seeking the truth of God, made the work of the Mission unique among the institutions of the city. Its influence was felt in many directions—helping the poor in their distress,

comforting those who are in trouble of any kind, and thus realizing the object of the work as represented by its name—CHRIST'S MISSION. It has been a blessing to many without regard to creed or sect, but it has been especially beneficial to priests and monks who cannot find peace or happiness in the superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church.

Rev. Dr. Devins a Trustee.

As there was a vacancy in the Board of Trustees, occasioned by the death of Mr. Joseph Haight since the last meeting, the Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D.D., was elected a member of the Board. Dr. Devins has been engaged in mission work in New York for many years as a labor of love, and is the highest authority on the spiritual needs of the great city. For a dozen years he was in charge of Hope Chapel on the lower East Side under the direction of the late Dr. Howard Crosby, and the work he did there has borne abundant fruit. He was always a journalist, and as such was the greatest factor in the extension of the great work of the late D. L. Moody. Dr. Devins is now the editor of the *New York Observer*, the great religious paper of this city. He is a member of the New York Presbytery.

When notified of his election as one of the trustees of Christ's Mission, Dr. Devins said he could not give much time to the work of the Mission, but his loving wishes for its success came from his heart.

Catholics Invited.

After the service in Christ's Mission one Sunday evening recently two young men remained to speak

with Pastor O'Connor. They said they had attended the Jesuit Church in Sixteenth street and knew Father Van Rensselaer and had a talk with him that day. They were not satisfied with him, and so they came to the Christ's service that evening. They were specially attracted, they said, by reading in the newspaper announcements of the service that "Catholics were cordially invited." So many Catholic young men were leaving the Roman Catholic Church—dropping away from it, one of them said—that it was something new and very refreshing to read in the notices in the papers that Catholics were invited to the religious services in any church. They did not know that Christ's Mission was a Protestant institution, but if what they had heard at the service that evening was Protestantism, then they wanted that in religion, for it seemed to them it was the religion of Christ and it was preached as the Christianity of the New Testament.

They had many hard words for Father Van Rensselaer and the other Jesuits of the Sixteenth street church, but Pastor O'Connor told them that they would learn that the Christianity of the Bible would teach them charity, patience, long suffering and kindness even toward those who had deceived them and ill treated them.

One remark of those young men was significant—that if the pastors of the Protestant churches would welcome Catholics and put the words "Catholics invited" in their church notices in the papers, large numbers of Catholic young men would attend the services.

EUROPEAN NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

In Scotland.

(Conclusion.)

AFTER brief visits to Glasgow and Edinburgh, I proceeded to Crieff in Perthshire, where I remained nearly a month. In Edinburgh the house of John Knox, the church where he preached, the place of his interment, were points of interest, as they are to all Americans and other visitors. Indeed John Knox, Sir Water Scott and Robert Burns are the three names of the illustrious Scotchmen of history that are best known to Americans, and Edinburgh has many monuments and memorials of these men of great minds. The fact that John Knox had been a priest of the Roman Catholic Church before he entered upon his great work of Reformation in the Church was constantly before my mind as I surveyed the scenes of his great achievements.

Amid the wealth of knowledge that we have of the great Scottish Reformer, Thomas Carlyle's characterization of the "Father of Presbyterianism" has not been surpassed in rugged strength and force and beauty of expression.

In his "Lectures on Heroes," delivered in 1840, the fourth entitled "The Hero as Priest," is devoted to Martin Luther and John Knox. Before the sixteenth century Scotland, like the other countries of Europe, was spiritually and morally under the dominion of the Roman Catholic Church. The following is Carlyle's picture of the condition of the country at that period. He says:

"In the history of Scotland, I can find properly but one epoch; we may say it contains nothing of world in-

terest at all but the Reformation by Knox. A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacres; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland at this day. Hungry, fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other how to divide what they fleeced from these poor drudges; but obliged as the Columbian Republics are at this day, to make of every alteration a revolution; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets: this is a historical spectacle of no very singular significance! 'Bravery' enough I doubt not; fierce fighting in abundance; but not braver or fiercer than that of their old Scandinavian sea-roving ancestors, whose exploits we have not found worth dwelling on. It is a country as yet without a soul: nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now at the Reformation, the internal life is kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes, kindles itself like a beacon set on high; high as heaven, yet attainable from earth; whereby the meanest man becomes not a citizen only, but a member of Christ's visible Church; a veritable hero if he prove a true man."

That description of Scotland in the Middle Ages could be applied to other countries where the Roman Church held sway, with due allowance for the local coloring of the word-painter. What John Knox did for his country is told in the following passages.

CARLYLE ON KNOX.

"What Knox did for his nation we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not smooth business;

but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price—as life is. The people began to live; they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns. I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. Or what of Scotland! The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England...

"It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen. Had he been a poor half-and-half he could have crouched into the corner, like so many others; Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million 'unblamable' Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life; if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologize for Knox. . . .

"For one thing, I will remark that this post of Prophet to his Nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure before he

became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents; had got a college education; became a priest, adopted the Reformation and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it upon others. He had lived as tutor in gentlemen's families, preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine: resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called to do it; not ambitious of more; not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty; was with the small body of Reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrew's Castle—when one day in their chapel, the preacher after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, that there ought to be other speakers; that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak—which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox, the name of him, had: Had he not? said the preacher, appealing to all the audience: what then is his duty? The people answered affirmatively; it was a criminal forsaking of his post if such a man held the word that was in him silent.

"Poor Knox was obliged to stand up; he attempted to reply; he could say no word—burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptized withal. He 'burst into tears.'"

Carlyle knew how to write, and I could quote more of his brilliant essay on his hero—the hero of millions of Scotchmen to this day and of every

lover of the truth of God, but I will give only one more paragraph.

They go far wrong, continues Carlyle, who think that Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all: he is one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious, hopeful, patient; a most shrewd, observing quietly discerning man. In fact he was very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present; a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him; insight enough; and a stouter heart than he himself knows of. He has the power of holding his peace over many things which do not vitally concern him. "They, what are they?" But the thing which does vitally concern him that thing he will speak; and in a tune the whole world shall be made to hear: all the more emphatic for his long silence. . . . This Prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man! He had a sore fight of an existence; wrestling with Popes and Principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering as an exile. A sore fight: but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, "pointed upwards with his finger," and so died. Honor to him! His works have not died. The letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it never."

All Scotchmen are proud of John Knox. And seeing their pride and viewing the scenes of his great deeds, I thanked God that he had led me, like Knox, out of the priesthood of Rome into the light of the Gospel.

A MONTH AT BEAUTIFUL CRIEFF.

My longest residence in one place

in Europe during my vacation was at Crieff, a town of 5,000 inhabitants on the borderland of the Highlands and Lowlands, where, as a local historian has said, "the grim humor of the Celt and the cool self-possession of the canny Southron Scot are sometimes contrasted and sometimes amalgamated in the habits of the people."

The town of Crieff is sixty-two miles from Edinburgh and fifty-six from Glasgow, and as it is near Perth and Stirling it is almost in the center of Scotland. It had been recommended to me by friends in Belfast as the most restful place in Scotland, and I found it to be so. It is famous for the salubrity of its climate, its sheltered site, pure air, excellent water and freedom from epidemics. It has been called "the Montpelier" of Scotland. Dr. John Brown, the famous writer, said: "There is not in all Scotland a more exquisite twelve miles of scenery than that between Crieff and the foot of Lochearn." The great novelist, Charles Reade, said in his published Memoirs: "The habitable globe possesses no more delightful spot than Crieff."

I copy these words of praise from the circular of the Strathearn Hydro-pathic Establishment at Crieff where I passed the month of September because I was charmed, delighted and wonderfully benefited during my residence there. Strathearn House, or the Hydro as it is popularly named, is one of the most commodious and home-like establishments in Europe. It is a large house that accommodates three hundred guests. It stands on a commanding plateau, surrounded by extensive grounds, and sheltered by the "Knock of Crieff," a wooded hill, which rises to the height of 900 feet.

The view is charmingly picturesque, with the mountain ranges extending over a distance of 50 miles. The "Hydro" was established by Thomas H. Meikle, M.D., forty years ago, and it is still managed by this distinguished physician. Dr. Meikle is a devout Christian, of the same type as the late Dr. Foster, of Clifton Springs, N. Y. He is aided in his work of superintendence and management by his son, Dr. T. Gordon Meikle, and an able corps of assistants. During the summer months the house is full of guests, and at other seasons there are many visitors who find the place restful and restorative. Family worship is held morning and evening. It is therefore a great resort for ministers of all denominations, and, as might be expected, the charges are moderate, while the accommodations are excellent.

I speak thus enthusiastically of the Hydropathic Establishment at Crieff because I found it the best place in Europe for tired brain workers and those who need rest and restoration of health and strength.

All the guests at the Hydro are expected to visit the venerable Dr. Meikle soon after their arrival; and accordingly I paid my respects to the genial physician a few days after I had taken up my abode in his hostelry. I have many medical friends, lovable men whom it is a pleasure to know, but I do not always follow their advice, and never take their medicine after the first dose. I had studied medicine myself; and though I do not know much about it, I have not much confidence in drugs. Barring accidents, I believe faith in God and nature's remedies will keep any sensible

person in tolerable health. But then all of us are not sensible.

Dr. Meikle questioned me regarding any special trouble, and I told him the "grippe" of the previous winter had left me in a debilitated condition; hence my trip across the ocean, from which I had already derived benefit, especially during the voyage on a slow but excellent steamer.

"That shows," said he, "that there is nothing radically wrong with you. You are good for a dozen years yet."

"What!" I exclaimed, "only a dozen years."

"Yes," said he, "as you are only 56, you are good for a dozen years more."

"I will not take them from you," I exclaimed, "I don't want them."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I want more; I want thirty; there is so much to be done; I am now only learning how to work."

"Well," said he with a genial smile, "you can have thirty on certain conditions."

I remembered what my medical friends in New York had said to me months before—take a year of rest and quiet or there would be a complete breakdown. As that was impossible, I was apprehensive that Dr. Meikle would impose similar conditions. So I asked him.

"Oh," said he with a twinkle in the eye, "the conditions are not very hard. You let up a bit in your work, and come over here again. That is all."

That was the only interview I had with Dr. Meikle, but his words made such a strong impression on me that I earnestly desired to follow his advice as far as possible. But the diffi-

culty is the work has to be done—there is no “let up” on it—and a visit to Crieff is a luxury that can not be enjoyed every day.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTIAN
FRIENDS.

It was a great pleasure to meet many ministers, Christian workers and elect ladies at Crieff. Two English ladies, Miss Louisa Conolly and her sister, had met my friends, Drs. Frederick and Albert B. King, of this city, in Europe some years ago, and they were pleased to learn that the latter was one of the trustees of Christ's Mission. Other friends of whom I retain most agreeable recollections are the Rev. William Miller, of Lenzie, Glasgow, the author of the beautiful work “The Transfigured Valley,” and the Rev. Charles Gordon, of Douglas, who though he has been forty years pastor of the Church, a Justice of the Peace, chairman of the Town Council, and the beloved “father” of the whole town, was the youngest man in the company at the Hydro. Dr. Gordon is an uncle of the Rev. Charles Gordon, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, the famous author of “Black Rock” and the “Sky Pilot.”

Many Christian Irishmen were also at Crieff during my stay there, Mr. James Taylor, of Belfast, an old subscriber of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, and Mr. James Barton, of Dundalk, a distinguished civil engineer who is planning to build a tunnel between Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Barton is also the president of the Irish Evangelization Society, which sends missionaries and colporteurs to carry the good news of salvation to many parts of Ireland. Another Belfast gentleman who became a brother beloved during my sojourn at Crieff, Mr.

William H. McLaughlin, had been an interested reader of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, a copy of which had been first sent him by the great Gospel singer, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who has been a dear friend for more than twenty years. Mr. McLaughlin who is a fine type of the cultured business man and is zealous and active in Christian work, greatly contributed to my comfort while at the Hydro.

One of the most remarkable men I met at Crieff was the great English lawyer, Reader Harris, K.C. He is an enthusiastic Christian worker, a preacher, a writer of tracts, the director of a band of “Pentecostal” evangelists, and a charming gentleman withal. He is an extreme “holiness” advocate, but he has a saving sense of humor that keeps him from fanaticism. In one of his addresses in the chapel of the Hydro he told us of his experience at court when he went to pay his respects to Queen Victoria and thank her for elevating him to the dignity of Queen's counsel. He had become a Christian only a few years before, and his conversion was so thorough and radical that he not only frowned upon the follies of society, but he berated those who indulged in the vanities of dress, etc. At the Queen's reception, however, he, like others, was required to wear court dress, and he was sorely puzzled how to square his conscience and his teaching with the ceremonial requirements of the occasion. His disciples would be scandalized if he appeared in court costume, but he could not otherwise be presented to the Queen, and he would forfeit the distinction and professional advantage of the Queen's counsel. After much prayer he put on the court dress, and then

stuffed every pocket with tracts. He was somewhat frightened when he entered the audience chamber and found a distinguished company awaiting the arrival of the Queen. All were suitably arrayed in the habiliments of their order — Generals, Judges, Bishops, Lords of high degree and lesser lights of the various professions. "My court costume was all right," said Mr. Harris, "but my pockets were so full of tracts and bulged out so conspicuously that I looked like a poacher. My courage nearly failed me, but I asked God to help. The first man I approached with a tract was a little fat dean who thought I was a court official and that the document was a book of etiquette for the occasion. Then I handed one to an Admiral, and in succession to an Archbishop, a Judge, a Field Marshal—I went the round of the circle and handed a tract to every one of the two hundred persons present. Some who glanced at the titles—'Are You Saved?' 'How to Escape Hell Fire,' etc., thought I was an escaped lunatic. The perspiration rolled down my face, and I would have bolted if I could get near the door. A year later I received a letter from the dean saying he had been greatly benefited by that tract I gave him under such circumstances, and I heard of others also who had been spiritually aroused by what they read. Under any and all circumstances a Christian can bear witness for the Saviour."

Should it be my good fortune to cross the ocean again and be benefited by the sea voyage as I was last year, the prospect of the "thirty years more" of life and work so alluringly held out by the good Scotch doctor may be realized. Meantime it is a privilege to work while it is day, and press on in the cause of Christ and do good while we may.

King Edward's Coronation Oath.

The substance of the coronation oath to be taken by King Edward VII, as it stands at present, was given in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC last year. The oath contains a clause beginning thus:

"I, EDWARD, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any Saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous."

The following is the substitute for this clause which was rejected:

"I, A. B., by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. And I do believe that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint and the sacrifice of the Mass as they are now used in the Church of Rome are *contrary to the Protestant religion*. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this Declaration and every part thereof *unreservedly*."

Anti-Christ or Usurper.

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in this city last month, the Pope of Rome was deposed from the position in which he was placed by the Westminster divines 200 years ago. They had exalted him as the anti-Christ, the man of sin, and the son of perdition. But the modern divines in revising the confession of faith have let him down a peg. They say now that he is only a usurper, a puny thing whom it is not worth while to stigmatize with a Scriptural objugation. The anti-Christ, the son of perdition, was supposed to be a great personage, wielding absolute power in his own realm, whose motto could be, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." But a usurper, a pretender, is scarcely worth noticing. The proposed revision of the creed relating to the Pope is as follows:

"The Lord Jesus Christ is the only head of the Church, and the claim of any man to be the vicar of Christ and the head of the Church is unscriptural, without warrant in fact, and is a usurpation dishonoring to the Lord Jesus Christ."

In presenting the report of the committee on revision, the Rev. Dr. Minton, the chairman, and the moderator of the Assembly in 1901, said:

"Regarding the Pope of Rome, the old confession distinctly says the Pope is the anti-Christ and the son of perdition. Now, if that was true, and we want to say it, let it stand. If not true, or if true and we do not wish to say it, take it out. I may believe that the Pope is anti-Christ on general principles. I am quite willing to declare, in the face of the Vatican, or

the whole world for that matter, that the Pope using the crown rights of Jesus Christ is anti-Christ and the son of perdition. The committee followed the only proper course to pursue by broadening the statement."

The Roman Catholic papers say such a statement does not help the Pope at all; it only makes him ridiculous. There was a suggestion of rugged strength and power in the son of perdition. He could be converted. But a puny pretender! There is no hope for him. *Sic transit gloria Papæ.*

How Infants Are Saved.

The Presbyterian General Assembly also declared that all infants are saved. The Rev. Joseph Sanderson, D.D., LL.D., the well known author and a member of the New York Presbytery, at our request, has written the following on this subject:

"It may help to clarify the views of some persons, and aid them in the acceptance of this dogma of the Presbyterian faith, if we state that it is based upon the fact that Christ died for all—both infants and adults, and that the only obstacle to the salvation of all is the unbelief of those who hear of Christ and of His offer of salvation, but turn a deaf ear to His invitation, and do not accept the salvation which He offers. They do not believe on the Son whom God hath sent into the world to save men. Their unbelief, consequently, raises an inseparable barrier to their salvation. But infants being a part of these for whom Christ died and being incapable of unbelief, can present no obstacle to their salvation such as adults raise, and consequently, under the shelter of Christ's blood are permitted to pass by the destroying angel and obtain an entrance into heaven."

"Invincible Ignorance."

"Protestants do not understand our sublime doctrines. They cannot comprehend the beauty of God's truth as systematized in our Roman Catholic theology."

This was my sincere belief until quite recently, and it is the conviction of other priests, especially of those who have devoted careful attention to the intricate study of scholastic subtleties.

The dogma which teaches that outside of the Roman Church there is no salvation, offers a puzzle to the Roman theologian relative to the standing of those persons who are not members of his Church. What is the mental, moral and spiritual state of Protestants? There is also a perplexing question relative to the moral state of the non-Christian world, but at present we will only consider the fate of Protestants according to Rome's authoritative teaching. At the beginning of the Reformation it was deemed absolutely impossible that any Protestant could be in good faith. All who severed their adherence to the Roman Church were in bad faith; they were deliberate rebels against the one true religion of Christ; they rejected the divinely instituted Church authority and the true sacraments as administered by the priests and bishops of the Church. This was the rigid conclusion drawn by Rome's theologians from their dogma of exclusive salvation. As the years rolled by and the younger generation began to accept the coexistence of Protestant Christianity with Roman Catholicism as a fact, it soon became evident that those, at least, who were born and raised in the Protestant Church were not deliberate

and malicious rebels against the Roman Church. Still, they were "outside the one true Church;" it could not be denied that many were upright in their conduct, and sincere in their religious professions. To meet the requirements of the case, some explanation of the great Roman doctrine of the only-saving Church was required. They were and are considered as being in invincible ignorance. Some years ago when officiating still in the Roman priesthood, I met a Unitarian minister whose ability I respected very greatly. We were both interested in the work of uplifting the Indians on the Pacific coast. We never discussed theological questions, but one day he made the casual remark that he always felt a certain amount of gratitude to the Roman Church because it admitted that he as well as orthodox Protestants might be saved because of their invincible ignorance.

This was a concrete application of the Roman teaching; it showed me its evident baseness and falseness. Everyone who dissents from the teaching of the Roman Church lacks true spirituality because he is not in communion with Christ's true Church, the Roman, and because his soul is not cleansed and strengthened and nourished by the Roman sacraments. Most probably his moral condition is also very low, as he is not held in holy restraint by the confessional. At all events his mental state, if not one of open and malicious revolt, is a state of invincible ignorance. He does not know the beauties of Romanism, and his ignorance is so deep and so complete that no amount of explanation can help him—it is invincible ignorance indeed.

P. J. D.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

BY REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

A Sermon Preached in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, March 30, 1902.

"And they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory." Matt. 24, 30.

If the teaching of Jesus as to his Second Coming has a vague and uncertain sound, it must be remembered that all prophecy is of that character, in the necessity of the case. The purpose of prophecy is not to set forth coming events with such exactness as would dispense with the necessity of faith. It aims not to gratify curiosity, but to awaken expectancy and desire. Thus there is concealment in the very process of revealing; so that the soul awaiting the dénouement with eagerness, cries when it comes: "How clear! And how could I fail to perceive it?"

To this end the narrative of prophecy is oftentimes complex by design, two or more events being inextricably mingled. As in Japanese art, there is a clear outline but little or no regard for perspective. The near and the distant seem as twin peaks of a single mountain, though there may be centuries between them. In the Messianic Psalms, for example, there is frequently an immediate reference to David with a remoter one to "David's greater Son."

The first coming of Christ was predicted in terms so minute and particular that, as we look backward now, we wonder how any could have failed to interpret them; yet there was probably not a single soul in Israel, prior to the Incarnation, that clearly understood them. The reason is obvious; these predictions were designedly enigmatic,

so that the face of the Messiah was ever looking out as from behind a lattice. It was announced that he would be the seed of woman, yet the veritable Son of God; poor, yet making many rich; chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, yet a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, yet Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace; mocked, scourged, spit upon, put to an ignominious death, yet possessed of universal dominion and ruling his enemies with a rod of iron; led as a sheep to the slaughter, yet treading the wine-press of the wrath of God. What paradoxes are here! What enigmas! Here is a passing to and fro of various figures, a blending of the near and far, an interweaving of apparent contradictions which puts exact interpretation out of the question until the Incarnation shall make all clear.

We should naturally expect to find something of the same sort in prophetic utterances as to the Second Coming of Christ. His great Parousia discourse (Matt. 24 and 25) was addressed to the disciples in answer to three questions; namely, "When shall the Temple be destroyed?" "What shall be the sign of thy coming?" and "When shall the end of the world be?" In this discourse the three events referred to are inextricably blended; and, while this is precisely what we should

look for, it is a singular fact that it has occasioned, in some quarters, a practical rejection of the truth. There are those who, being unable to disentangle the mingled threads, insist that Christ himself was in doubt, and that his apostles, who afterward wrote concerning the same matter "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," rested under a misapprehension as to the time and manner of his appearing. Yet if there is any force in analogy, these prophecies of the Second Coming should, like those of the First Coming, be incapable of clear solution until the occurrence of the event. The fact that, in the course of passing years, hope deferred would give rise to unbelief was distinctly foretold; as where Peter says, "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own desires, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the world. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come unto repentance. Wherefore, seeing that ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness" (II Pet. 3, 3-18).

But there are some things in these promises, which may be clearly known and affirmed with certainty. We are not prepared to fall in with those who, fascinated by the occult, profess to be able to interpret such prophecies as accurately as if they were a record

of the past. We are bound, however, and with this let us be content, to accept so much of the outline as is clearly presented to our view.

To begin with, we may be quite confident that the Second Coming is a foreordained and certain fact. Not only so, it is a fact of immense importance to the practical life of Christ's followers; else would he not have emphasized it as he did. And here we note a distinct loss to the Christian **thought and experience of our time.** It was natural, no doubt, that the early Christians should make much of the Second Coming. They were so near to Christ's earthly life; they had suffered so much for their devotion to him; they saw so many of their friends led to martyrdom for the truth's sake; they prayed so earnestly for vindication, crying, "O Lord, how long?" Hid in the catacombs and among the fastnesses of the hills, they strengthened one another by the hope of his appearing. Their morning greeting was *Maranatha!* "The Lord cometh!" It was inevitable, perhaps, that in the course of centuries the edge of this desire and expectancy should wear off. But this, I say, is a distinct loss. It is greatly to be feared that many Christians waive all consideration of this important doctrine, because it is difficult to understand, and so lose the inspiration that should come from it. There is no room for question as to the mind of Jesus. Over and over again he admonishes us to be on the *qui vive*. He would have us ever watchful and prayerful in view of it. The words of the apostles, also, concerning this event are to be received as no less trustworthy than those of Jesus himself, since they were written by the inspiration of the Spirit, of

whom he said, "He shall lead you into all truth," and verified by his own statement, "He that heareth you, heareth me." We are, therefore, bound to believe what they said precisely as if Christ himself had said it.

We are not at liberty to explain away the prophecies of his final appearing by saying that they are fulfilled in his coming from day to day. It is true that Christ comes in many ways. There is his gracious coming; as when he draws near to the sinner seeking pardon and to the Christian desiring new measures of grace: "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him" (John 14, 22, 23). And there is his sympathetic coming, to those who are passing through the valley of Baca: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you" (John 14, 18). And there is his dynamic or administrative coming; "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the present order of things" (Matt. 28, 18-20). And there is, also, his coming at death; a fact exemplified at many bedsides where failing voices murmur, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." But beyond these and above them all, there is his final, apocalyptic coming; a fact indubitable; the focal point of history and the consummation of all earthly events; of which we sing:

Lo, he comes with clouds descend-
ing,
Once for favored sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attend-
ing

Swell the triumph of his train.

Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign!

We shall be helped to a clear understanding of our Lord's method in these apocalyptic predictions by taking note of two movements in nature and grace. In nature these movements are known as Evolution and Catastrophism. All things advance by the calm processes of natural law for years or centuries, until, on a sudden, there occurs a mighty convulsion, an upheaval of the elements, by which the face of nature is transformed in a single day. So in history: the procession of causes and effects goes on for awhile as steadily as the recurrence of the tides or the revolution of the stars. Then suddenly there comes a revolutionary event, such as the conversion of Constantine, the signing of Magna Charta, the Reformation, Waterloo, the discovery of Printing, the sailing of the Pinta; and, lo! a century of history is made in a brief period of time.

Now Christ in the prophecies of the coming of his kingdom has reference to both of these movements. He sets forth Evolution in the Parables of the Leaven and the Mustard-seed; in which the laws of the moral universe are represented as subsidizing all things to the final consummation. The kingdom rises, like Solomon's temple, without the sound of hammer or of ax. But here and there along the way are convulsionary events which leap over centuries. Such was the miracle of Pentecost, by which three thousand souls were added to the Church in a single day. It is probable that this was in the mind of Jesus when he said, "Verily, I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not

taste of death, until they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom" (Matt. 16, 28). For Pentecost was, indeed, the trumpet blast that gave the signal for the advance to the conquest of the world.

Another of these overturnings was the destruction of Jerusalem, with its awful signs of "blood and fire and vapor and smoke." It may be that, in the prophetic blending of near and distant events, our Lord referred to this when he said, "Verily, I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled" (Matt. 24, 34). It was an utter ignorance of this canon of prophetic interpretation which led Gibbon to insist that Christ expected the world to come to an immediate end. In such passages as this: "When ye shall see the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place, then let them which be in Judæa flee into the mountains" (Matt. 24, 15), it is obvious that the reference is to the destruction of Jerusalem and not to the remoter coming of the Kingdom of Christ. But above all these confusions the ultimate fact stands out like the loftiest peak in an Alpine landscape: "When the Son of Man shall come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory!" Then shall be brought to pass the prophetic vision of Daniel in which he saw the thrones of the Great Powers rising, flourishing, tottering to their fall, and succeeded by the throne of the Ancient of Days, "to whom was given dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all peoples and nations and languages should serve him" (Daniel 7, 1-14).

But further, the teachings of Jesus entitle us to speak with confidence as to the Manner of his Coming. It is written that when the disciples, on

the Mount of Olives, followed him with eager eyes as he ascended into the heavens, "Behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken from you shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1, 9, 10). "He shall so come." And Jesus himself makes his meaning clear.

"Ye shall see him come:" *hisce oculis*; "with these eyes!" (Matt. 24, 30).—He shall come in the clouds of heaven. So Paul: "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel, and with the trump of God: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up; so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4, 16).—He shall come with a retinue of angels; angels, archangels and saints triumphant! Never was king followed by a retinue like this! The waiting church shall join with the rejoicing hosts of heaven to welcome him to his glorious reign among the children of men.

We are advised that his advent will be accompanied by three stupendous events. One of them is the Resurrection of the Dead: "For the hour is coming in which all who are in the grave shall hear his voice and shall come forth" (John 5, 28). The saints "who are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them who are asleep; for the dead in Christ shall rise first (that is, before the translation of the living saints); then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4, 15-17).

The second of these concomitant events is the Judgment. The Lord

appearing in the clouds of heaven, shall take his place upon his throne; the risen dead shall appear before him; and he shall separate them "as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats"; saying to those on his right hand, "Come ye blessed of my Father," and to those on his left, "Depart from me."

And the third event is "the End of the World"; as Peter says, "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up" (II Pet. 3, 10). The purpose of this conflagration would appear to be not destruction, but purification; since it is to be followed by "the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness"; of which it is written, "The tabernacle of God shall be among men; and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people; and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

As to the time of this glorious coming of Christ we are not left wholly in uncertainty. On the last day of his earthly life he was asked by his disciples, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" And he said unto them, "It is not for you to know the times or seasons which the Father hath put within his own power" (Acts 1, 6, 7).

He elsewhere says that he himself did not know the time of this event: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father" (Mark 13, 32). In his state of humiliation he had laid aside the exercise of his divine attributes, except so far as they were necessary to the accomplishment of his redemptive work.

This was a part of that "emptying" which occurred when he took flesh upon him. The time of his Second Coming was one of the things which he chose not to know. This being so, it is impossible, on the one hand, that he should have believed his coming to be in the immediate future, as some assert; or, on the other hand, that he should have intended us to know the exact time of it.

But if it were impossible that his disciples should know, it follows that it is useless for us to speculate about it. Why then should we call ourselves "Premillenarians" or "Postmillenarians"; since it is impossible for us to tell (even within a thousand years) the time of his appearing? The sole reference to the Millennium (Rev. 20, 1-8) is not such as to warrant a chronological dogma. To those who undertake to draw definite conclusions from designedly indefinite expressions, such as "generations," "time and times and half a time," there is a sufficient answer, "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." And "if any man say, 'Lo here' or 'Lo there,' believe him not."

But this is certain: the Second Coming, whenever it occurs, will be sudden and unexpected; "for as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be" (Matt. 24, 27). And "as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man; they did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed" (Luke 17, 26-30). The

same truth is set forth in the Parable of the Ten Virgins; "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh" (Matt. 25, 13); in the Parable of the Pounds (Matt. 25, 14-31); and of the Goodman whose house was broken up (Matt. 24, 43). "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night" (I Thess. 5, 2).

But while we are left in such uncertainty as to the precise time of our Lord's coming, we are definitely informed that it is to be preceded by certain signs. One of these is a spiritual ebb-tide: "For the day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God" (I Thess. 2, 3, 4). The Antichrist, here referred to, has been variously interpreted, at different times, as Popery, Arianism, the spiritual indifference of the Dark Ages, the prevalent infidelity at the closing in of the eighteenth century, the hostility to the Scriptures at the present time and in other ways.

Another of the signs antecedent to the triumphal advent of Christ is the universal diffusion of the gospel; as he said, "The gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24, 14). It is an impressive and suggestive thought that Christ delays his coming until his people shall have fulfilled their great commission; "Go ye into all the world and evangelize."

The last sign is the conversion of the Jews. Our Lord wept over Jerusalem,

saying, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'" (Matt. 23, 38, 39). On the third day prior to this utterance Jesus had made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem and the Jews had caviled at those who cried, "Hosanna, to the Son of David!" He here gives us to understand that at his final coming the Jews themselves shall join in the universal acclamations to Jesus as the Christ.

What are the practical lessons? We are to believe in the certainty of this event. A crown of righteousness awaits those who "love his appearing" (2 Tim. 4, 8).—We are to watch for it with great expectancy. Watch! Watch! Watch! How the word rings through the teachings of Jesus! How it shines like a warning beacon on the heights!—And we are to do our utmost by faithful service to speed the coming day. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all godliness; looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God?" (2 Pet. 3, 11). The Bridegroom will not come until his Bride is ready for the nuptials. He must claim her "without spot or blemish or any such thing." He bends over her, as she lies sleeping in the city gates, unmindful of her covenant, and cries, "Awake, awake, O daughter of Zion! Shake thyself from the dust! Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck and put on thy beautiful garments!" When the Church is ready, her Lord will come; the feast will be spread and the voice of the angel will be heard, saying, "All things are ready; come to the marriage!"

I do not believe, however, that Christ will await the slow methods of his people. When they shall have shown a realizing sense of their high privilege and solemn responsibilities as expressed in their great Commission; when they shall all with one accord go forth to occupy strategic points and carry the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, he will doubtless make bare his arm and interpose to bring in "the restitution of all things." Will there be another Pentecost, a stupendous Pentecost, in which not three thousand souls but nations shall be converted in a day? When that occurs Maranatha will be taken out of prophecy and put into history. "Those that are alive and remain upon the earth will see the heavens part asunder and cry, "Behold, the Lord is here!" Then none shall need to say, "Know thou the Lord!" The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad because of him. The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. The trees of the field shall clap their hands before him. Souls will come flocking to him as doves to their windows. The flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto him; the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto him; the isles shall wait for him. The ships of Tarshish shall come, bringing the silver and gold with them, unto the name of the Lord their God. And his glory shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Departed Friends.

THE "TOMBS ANGEL."

The recent death of Mrs. Foster, widow of General John A. Foster, widely known as the "Tombs Angel," who is believed to have lost her life in trying to render assistance to some

one on the floor above her's in a burning hotel, inflicted a severe loss upon this city. She was a most beautiful Christian and possessed a marvelous and widespread personal influence among two distinct classes of the community—the bench and bar of the city on the one hand, and the criminal element on the other. All the city courts adjourned out of respect to her memory when the announcement of her death was made, and the expressions of appreciation of her life-work by judges and lawyers were couched in terms of far greater warmth than is usual in such remarks. Her great work was the investigation of the truth of the statements made by prisoners, the comforting and counseling of those under arrest, and the succoring of the wives and families of men suffering imprisonment.

DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Dr. Talmage, who died in April, was one of the great preachers of our day, and by the publication of his sermons in newspapers, he undoubtedly addressed hundreds of thousands of people every week. He was not successful as an organizer, and therefore did not leave behind him any center of religious influence. But it will always be remembered that he stood for the old Gospel as contained in the old Book; and he was the fearless, unflinching proclaimer of the one, and defender of the other. While his sermons were not remarkable for deep spirituality they contained nothing that would lessen regard for the Bible, for the Saviour or for the eternal verities of religion. Their general tone was one of brightness and good cheer, and they must have been—apart from intrinsic merit of thought and language—inspiring to the young, encouraging to the hard-pressed or desponding, and comforting to those in sorrow.

A YEAR IN ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT.

BY P. H. C.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Church of Rome acknowledges the validity of lay baptism, even baptism by "Jews, infidels or heretics, provided however, they intend to do what the Church proposes in that act of her ministry." So says the Catechism of the Council of Trent; and this proposition is a fair specimen of the dogmas of that Church. Is it morally possible for Jews or infidels, to say nothing of so-called heretics, to do what the Church professes to do in baptism? But on the plea that it may have been improperly performed by Protestants, it is generally given conditionally to perverts, and so those young persons upon whose infant brows the pure water of baptism had been poured in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, were now brought to that sacrament altered and corrupted by man's contrivance, "as though man could invent a better way to honor God than God himself hath appointed."

To Helen, who had witnessed its administration several times in the Convent, the breathing on the face to drive out the devil, called the exorcism, the putting of salt in the mouth, the signing of the face, head, eyes, ears, breast and shoulders with the sign of the cross, the smearing of the nostrils and ears with spittle, and the delivery of a white garment, were somewhat familiar; but to Grace, who had never before been present at such a ceremony, they were novelties which contrasted strangely with the simple and scriptural form of her own Church. The trembling Helen, agitated by fears and hopes, went through this mummary and received the congratulations of the Sisters. The service was the subject of a conference between Father Mayhew and Marcia, while Lucy laughed outright at such dirty tricks in religion. Grace dismissed the disagreeable subject as soon as possible, kissing her friend and saying "I wish I was as good as you, dear Helen, yet I feel sorry you have become a Catholic."

"If it makes me holier and happier, dear Grace, why should you regret it? You do not know how unhappy I have been for some time."

"I do not see what should make you unhappy."

"I must not speak of these things, now," answered Helen, remembering instructions, "my faith is too weak; but the time will come, dear Grace, when you will not feel as gay as now, and then I trust we shall be of one faith."

The heart sickens in contemplating the spectacle here presented, of four young girls, all of whom had been dedicated to God in infancy, exposed to the allurements of a false and ensnaring worship in their tender and most susceptible years, by those bound by the holiest and strongest obligations to train them in the truth.

O ye parents! beware how you cast aside the high responsibilities laid upon you, in the charge of immortal souls. The plea of convenience or expediency will not avail, when ruined souls confront you at the bar of God.

If you look no further than this life, present gratification is dearly bought by the after years of rebellious and obstinate resistance, of disappointed hopes and crushed affections, which are the almost invariable results of the conventual education of Protestant children.

The so-called Sacrament of Penance (confession) followed, of which the Catechism of the Council of Trent says, "A sacrament must have been instituted by Christ himself; this being a sacrament, it must therefore have been instituted by Christ." Is not this syllogism worthy of the Doctors of Trent, and may not anything be proved by the same process? The Catechism farther states, on the authority of Pope Fabian, that the composition of the chrism used in the confirmation which followed the pretended sacrament, "was received by the apostles from Christ himself, and transmitted to us by them."

Lastly, these young persons were admitted to the Holy Communion, which established them in all the privileges of the holy Roman Church.

Helen had hoped, in her simplicity, that when she was safely anchored in the bosom of the Church, she would find again the peace to which she had been a stranger since the doubts infused in her mind concerning her early faith had taken effect. But a short time served to dissipate this delusive hope. The simple, child-like faith in her Heavenly Father was gone—but multiplicity of religious duties and the new intercessors could not fill the void in her heart created by that loss. Her spiritual directors, however, were fertile in offering new expedients. She had been accustomed to hear the nuns, particularly Sister Catherine, expatiate on a life of religious seclusion; but now a more direct application of such discourse was made to herself. She was advised to choose some saint to whose life she might conform her own, and thus secure to herself much help in attaining the elevated piety to which she aspired. Sister Catherine's intimate knowledge of this kind of literature furnished abundant sources of suggestion, but Helen, though neither captious nor hypercritical, could not find what she sought in any of the models proposed.

"We must be diligent in sight-seeing now, Lucy," said Mr. Chamberlain to his wife; "we were so hurried when we were in Paris before, that we left much unseen. Shall we go to the Louvre this morning?"

Mrs. Chamberlain assented abstractedly. She passed the many objects that attract the stranger in the streets of that gay metropolis with a casual regard; but arrived at the great picture gallery, she could no longer withhold her interest from the numerous productions of genius, and her delighted, but unpracticed eye passed from one to another, gazing with scarcely less reverence and admiration on the many noble specimens of modern artists than on the wondrous and more elaborate works of a Raphael or a Claude Loraine, until arrested by one, the subject of which awakened her sympathy. It was "The Mother and Child," painted by Madam Le Brun, and said to be a portrait of herself and child. The tender expression of the mother's face, the caressing fondness of the child, the arms twined so lovingly around the mother's neck, the happy, confiding face drawn so close to hers, formed a tableau that went directly to her heart, and it was no wonder she lingered.

to contemplate it, and did not perceive that Mr. Chamberlain was seeking other objects of more interest to him. Suddenly she heard a low, musical voice behind her, speaking in French, "Oh, Madeline, I never look at that picture without recalling my own lost child, my dear Emilie. I shall never, never clasp her thus again!"

Touched by the hopeless expressions, Mrs. Chamberlain turned and saw a lady past the bloom of youth, but still retaining much of the beauty that must have made her very lovely in early womanhood. She leaned on the arm of the attendant to whom she spoke, and while the dejected countenance and languid manner betrayed the invalid, her dignified bearing and the costliness of her attire indicated her high social position.

"Madeline," she continued, not noticing the presence of a third person, "if she had not been so rich, I do not think they would have persuaded her to be a nun. I do not think they would have robbed me of my child. Oh, that I had never sent her to the Convent; that I had never parted with her!"

Madeline whispered something about being called to a holy life and blessed vocation.

"These things give me no comfort," she replied, impatiently, "they do not restore to me my lost one. I am a mother without a child!"

The bitterness of the tones smote the heart of Mrs. Chamberlain, and moved by an irresistible impulse, she stepped near and took her hand, and in her imperfect French, she pointed her to Him who has invited the weary and heavy-laden to Him.

With a look of surprise, but with ready and graceful politeness, the lady listened. "But it is my child, my daughter, whom I have lost!"

Mrs. Chamberlain would have reminded her that there is no sorrow which the Lord Jesus cannot remove or sanctify, but her natural diffidence, shocked at her unusual departure from decorum, caused her to hesitate, and the lady, courteously bowing, said to her attendant, "Let us go, Madeline, I do not care to see any more pictures;" and when Mr. Chamberlain rejoined his wife, she was glad to find he had satisfied his curiosity, and was prepared to go, for she too felt that she "did not care to see any more pictures."

This mournful effigy of "Rachel weeping for her children," would not be dismissed from her mind, and the crime of thus sundering, under the garb of religion, the holiest ties, assumed a fearful enormity. Nor did she fail to revert to her own dear children, left under kindred influences, and the often repeated assurances of Mr. Chamberlain, "that our Protestant institutions throw a restraint around the convents in America which renders them less to be dreaded than in Europe," could not satisfy her. The language of her heart was, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved;" but when she recurred to the French mother, she felt that in the promises of God she had a staff on which to lean, to which that unfortunate lady was a stranger; and she lifted up her heart in thankfulness that she was born in a land where the truths of God's Word are open to all.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mary left her mother with a heavy heart the morning after her interview with Father Davock. That day the rector, Dr. Leighton, was to visit the school, when the girls who desired confirmation were to be presented to him for instruction. She was painfully agitated; to her own disappointment was added the consciousness that Mrs. Hackley and the girls were fully aware that she had intended to be one of the candidates. How could she explain her change of purpose without casting blame on her mother?

Dr. Leighton was announced: and as Mrs. Hackley passed out to receive him, she observed that Mary was still at her desk. "Do you not join the class, Mary?"

"Not to-day, ma'am," she answered, and soon quietly left the room; for she felt she could not meet Dr. Leighton there without an exhibition of feeling she was unwilling to make. She answered the inquiries of the girls as best she could; and to Mrs. Hackley, who spoke to her on the subject after the school, she made a brief but candid explanation. Mrs. Hackley listened with sadness, but not with surprise. She understood the complications to which one unadvised and wrong step had led Mrs. Dabney, and promised to visit her, giving Mary such counsel as her love and experience suggested. "I think," she said, "I spoke yesterday of the harmony between the first and fifth commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' and 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' I would not now unsay a word: the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, does not always make our path easy, and this, Mary, is a trial of your faith and patience in the beginning of your Christian course. Be much in prayer for yourself and your mother. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He will bring it to pass.'"

Mary was unremitting in her attendance on her mother, who continued feeble, but the restraint which sealed the tongue of each was not removed, and she had the mortification of finding one day, on her return from school, a new servant installed as nurse. Mrs. Dabney was persuaded she required constant attendance, and Mary now saw their intercourse subjected continually to the prying scrutiny of two menials, whose presence and motives she began to suspect and fear.

Mrs. Hackley and several other of Mrs. Dabney's friends attempted, in visiting her, to speak of the change of her religious views, for it was now generally reported that she was soon to become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, but their efforts were met with a coldness and reticence altogether foreign to her nature, but which effectually precluded discussion.

Mary wondered why Dr. Leighton did not come to see them: he had always been her mother's friend, and hitherto a frequent visitor; but latterly she had not heard of his even calling. She determined to see him and ask him to talk with her mother. On the Sunday following, she lingered after the dismissal of the congregation, and joining her pastor as he passed homeward, was received with affectionate cordiality and inquiries after her mother's health. "Why do you not come to see us now, Doctor?" she asked, intent on her mission.

"It has been months, my child, since I was admitted to your house. Often I have been, and as often have been refused admission, sometimes on one plea, sometimes on another, sickness, engagements, etc."

"Surely my mother did not know this," Mary exclaimed, shocked at the suspicion cast on her mother's want of candor. "Oh, I am sure my mother would not have refused to see you!"

Dr. Leighton shook his head. "The priest, Mary, has taken the place of the pastor."

"Then you know it," sighed Mary.

"Yes, I know it: if I could have gained access to her, by God's blessing, I might have averted it, but Oh, they are wise in their generation; still, 'He that is with us, is greater than they that are against us:' we must not despair. God is able to bring to naught the best conceived plans of man's device. Keep close to your God and your Bible; pray much for your mother, and the God of all grace bless and keep you, and make all things work together for your good and the good of those you love."

Mary went on her way strengthened and cheered, occupying herself about her mother, who loved to have her there, in spite of the vigilant eyes that were ever upon them, but when she ventured to ask if she would not like that Dr. Leighton should call and see her, she declined so peremptorily as to make the daughter fear to renew the subject. Mary wrote urgent letters to Grace, telling her of their mother's illness, and begging her to come home, although she almost trembled to think of meeting her, lest she should find her changed as was her mother. Time passed, however, and brought no letters in reply, and thus was another anxiety added to her already burdened heart.

Mary believed that if some one would plainly expostulate with her mother, she might yet be saved; but who would do it, since she would not see Dr. Leighton, or permit her friends to speak on the subject? In her perplexity, she turned to Dr. Ruff, the family physician. He had not always filled that post. Mary remembered with warm affection, the kindly, noble hearted Dr. McClurg, her grandmother's friend who had been the family physician long before she could recollect until the last five or six years, when the grave had closed over the aged form, honored and wept by thousands in whose service he had spent his life. "Ah, if he were here, he would speak the truth to my mother, he would save her," she murmured, as a tear dropped to the memory of the good old man. But what could she hope from Dr. Ruff? Learning to bring the observations of her life to bear on her dilemma, she reviewed all the incidents of her intercourse with him, but gained little encouragement. He was polite, kind and attentive, but was he earnest, was he religious? Did he care enough for her mother's real welfare to risk offending her? He had often lately met the priest there, so he was aware how matters stood, and knowing that he was a Protestant, and that he possessed much influence, and the opportunity to use it with her mother, she resolved at last, painful as it was, to speak. Hesitatingly she explained to him her anxiety and her wishes. He looked at her with surprise that one so young

should feel the concern her words and manner indicated, on a subject usually deferred to maturer years.

"You are young, Mary, to begin to think of these things."

"We cannot begin too young, you know, Doctor," she pleaded.

"O yes, for yourself, but you must not take other people's responsibilities on you: we are answerable each one for himself; you and I are Protestants, but if your mother prefers to be a Catholic, she is her own mistress, and must have her own way: there are many roads to heaven, and I hope we shall all meet there at last."

"The Bible speaks of but one way," replied Mary, softly, "and that is straight and narrow."

"True, the Bible says so,—yes, it does—I had forgotten. I don't read the Bible so much as I ought, but I hope we shall all get on in the right way. I would gladly aid you, however, in any way I can, but I fear nothing I could say would change your mother's intentions. She seems quite decided; so you must be reconciled, and agree to differ."

Mary said no more, feeling most profoundly that nothing was to be hoped from the Doctor's influence.

"You are looking pale, Mary; if you do not take better care of yourself, I shall have to take you in hand, too. You must really not harass yourself about these things, and—stop—let me write you a prescription: you must have a tonic."

It was in vain Mary protested she was quite well,—her unusual paleness certainly called for a tonic, and the tonic must be taken. She had thought she was prepared for a disappointment, should it come, but the heartlessness of the Doctor's words crushed her for the moment. "Was he an infidel?" He had once been a communicant of the Episcopal Church, she knew, but she was not aware that this intelligent physician had been, perhaps through his vanity, inveigled by Jesuit priests; that he was now their frequent associate, and was at once their dupe and tool, having been brought into that state of religious indifference most favorable to their designs.

The stricken spirit, however, found refuge with Him who "hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows;" and Mary returned to her mother's room, relying on an arm stronger than that of flesh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Dabney gradually regained her strength, and was able occasionally to ride out; and it was on her return from one of these excursions that a letter was handed to her. She recognized the well-known superscription of her absent brother, and passing into the library, she nervously broke the seal and read as follows:

"Rome, April 10, 18—.

"Dear Sister—

"I sent you, about two weeks since, not a letter, but a formidable package of letters, which I hope you will receive in safety, as it contains letters written at different times and places, giving you better and more complete pictures of

things as I witnessed them, than I am likely to do, when summing them up at some future time: my poor health having interfered much with a regular journal. Now that I have once more reached Europe on my return, my desire to be with you increases each day, and I trust will receive its consummation very shortly. I feel the more anxious, as the letters I expected to find here have not come to hand, and our correspondence has been more interrupted in the past year than during any period of my absence. This is, it is true, the natural result of my sojourn in such unfrequented places, but that does not make me the less apprehensive of the changes which time may have wrought, when I reflect on the mutability of human affairs.

"Being in Rome, however, you will expect news from Rome, and I must premise by saying that my time has by no means been devoted to sight-seeing since my arrival here, although there is so much to attract and gratify the senses in this ecclesiastical metropolis.

"Many years have passed since I was here before, and not without leaving, I hope, some lessons of wisdom on my heart. I pass through these scenes with very different feelings from those with which I first beheld them. Then I saw in these works of art, only creations of the genius of man, and as such they yielded me much enjoyment; 'I wondered,' as the apostle says, 'with great admiration:' now, I study them not only as works of art, but in their ecclesiastical and spiritual relations. I see in them alike the embodiment of the old pagan idolatry and of the new idolatry which has superseded it, converting the old pagan temples into Christian churches, and baptizing the pagan gods and demi-gods with Christian names: setting them up for worship as truly as ever did the pagans. The Bible is an inhibited book in His Holiness' dominions, but its words are often in my mind as I contemplate here the fulfilment of its prophecies. Yesterday, which was a festa in the Romish calendar, I witnessed one of those grand pageants which are continually occurring. In this the pope, cardinals and bishops were the chief actors, and the splendid and gorgeous decorations of man, and beast, and chariots, exceeded anything I have ever witnessed, and completely embodied St. John's description in Rev. xvii.: 'I saw a woman sit on a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, and the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls, etc. * * And the woman whom thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth.' Needs the passage any other commentary than Rome, with her pompous and blasphemous exhibitions at the present day? I have perhaps been the more impressed by these things, from the associations in which I have been thrown since I came here, and which I will relate, as more interesting to you than any descriptions of architecture or paintings I can send you in this letter.

"Very soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a young Englishman, whose character and circumstances excited my warmest interest; and to him I have devoted much of my time, and my excursions have generally been in his company. Brought up under the teachings of that clique at Oxford which has been industriously propagating those doctrines that 'have so

disturbed the peace' of the English Church as well as of our own of late, he had passed through the various shades of ever-developing ritualism, seeking rest for his roving soul in the shifting practices of that school. He had adorned the sacrament—he had knelt for priestly absolution at the feet of Dr. — himself—but still the craving for infallibility was unsatisfied: this could only be found in Rome, and to Rome the amiable Doctor handed him over, as he and his coadjutors have done so many before.

"This young enthusiast would see that Mistress of Churches for **himself**; he would consecrate himself, body and soul, to the service of the **Church**, only in the presence and under the direction of the successor of St. Peter; and to Rome he came. He had been here only a few days when I met him, and having already had interviews with some high in authority, was soon to be presented to His Holiness.

"I was deeply grieved that so noble and enthusiastic a youth as he appeared, should subject his fine abilities and attainments to the debasing bondage and superstition of the Church of Rome, and take upon himself the polluting yoke of her priesthood; and I was providentially enabled to find grace in his sight, and persuaded him to delay so vital a measure until further examination should confirm him in his prepossession, or convince him of the falseness of the claims of the Romish Church; and so occupied have I been with him that the controversy has tinged the aspect of all I have witnessed here.

"I have been brought in contact with some holding high official position in the Church, and although I accord to them, in some instances, sincerity, yet my soul loathes, more than ever, that system which so corrupts and sensualizes the Word of God, and degrades the intellect, while it lifts up the will of man against his Creator.

"I took my young friend to the Basilica of St. Peter's, where indeed he had already been. I was not displeased with his enthusiasm. The man who could look unmoved on a work of so much beauty and magnificence, devised and executed by his fellow man, must be wanting in some of the finer sensibilities of nature, and would be a fit instrument for the promotion of superstition and slavery. Some men may be ruined through their genius and generous qualities, but many more are certainly ruined through their insensibility and selfishness. The admiration of my young companion was increased when I recalled to his mind the actual dimensions of this colossal temple. The marble hall, six hundred feet in length by four hundred in its greatest breadth, the top of the arch springing four hundred and fifty feet overhead, are proportions which the unassisted eye can scarcely grasp in such connection. When his mind was somewhat satiated with the contemplation of the numberless objects of interest, I led him through some of the many gorgeous chapels which adorn its walls. In some, we saw priests mumbling and making genuflections as they manipulated the bread into God, while others, as unconcerned as if in a theater, were discussing the merits of the surrounding statuary and paintings; in other chapels were priests without auditors, going with indecent haste through masses, said for absent persons, it being sufficient

that such devotion is paid for. I suggested to him the absurdity of men professing the belief of the Church of Rome, performing these acts in such a manner. His ardent conceptions of the priestly character and offices were shocked at such displays of grossness and profanity, and I think that even then he began to think that St. Peter's contains more to gratify the senses than to aid devotion.

"I took him to that Sancta Scala, which, they tell us, is the flight of steps which our Lord several times ascended during his trial, and which an angel brought from Jerusalem to Rome. You may not remember that passage in Luther's life (as given by D'Aubigné) which makes this 'Sancta Scala,' so interesting to Protestants. He says, 'While going through this meritorious work (of climbing these steps on his knees), he thought he heard a voice like thunder speaking from the depths of his heart, "The just shall live by faith:"' these words resounded instantaneously and powerfully within him: he was horrified at himself, and struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had reduced him, he fled from the scene of his folly.' I did not fail to bring this scene to the mind of young Beresford, as we gazed on the crowds of abjects who were crawling on their knees to the top, shifting their rosaries and mumbling the appointed prayers. Rome abounds with places where such lessons may be learned, and they have not been lost upon this youth. His earnest and intelligent mind, once put upon the track, has seen the absurdity and impiety of calling such practices religion, and perceiving that the Pope and Cardinals not only tolerate, but encourage and inculcate them unremittingly by their presence and example, he turns with disgust from their contemplation to the study of the Holy Scriptures.

"He proposes to leave Rome with me, and I think he will return to his home, by the mercy of God, a wiser and better man than he left it. Such has been the result with him, and one would think that the Englishman or the American, reared in the light of the Bible, must have lost his reason and his manhood, whost Romish proclivities a visit to Rome would not cure: but alas, he knows little of the human heart who expects to incite a love of virtue by a constant exhibition of vice. It is our wisdom to keep aloof from these idolatries and superstitions, and when necessarily brought in contact with them, to remember that 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' and be doubly watchful, ever seeking supplies of grace from Him who alone is able to keep us in the truth.

"Oh, my dear sister, with what feelings of gratitude should you and I thank God for his goodness in placing us in a land of light, and in giving us the knowledge of his free salvation! And how careful and earnest should we be to preserve these blessings, and to do our individual duty in keeping our beloved country free from the destructive and paralyzing influence of popery.

"I have thought my friend's story might be useful to dear Grace and Mary, and so have given it much space; but I trust they do not need such warnings. Sometimes I think that no proposed personal advantage should have induced me to leave those so dear to me for so long a time; but be-

lieving that you, my dear sister, have not failed to lead your children to the Source of all truth, I commit both you and them to the care of Him who will not fail to watch over those who trust in Him. And now, hoping very soon to embrace you all, I am, as ever, your loving brother,

"ROBERT LYSLE."

Mrs. Dabney read this letter from her brother, the being whose approval she most valued, and on whose judgment she had been accustomed implicitly to rely. There was scarcely a sorrow of her life which his presence had not relieved or mitigated, or a joy he had not shared and heightened: the noble brother, whose filial devotion had been the stay of their widowed mother. Together they had knelt to receive that mother's blessing: he had bestowed her hand on the husband of her choice, and when death so soon claimed that husband, his strong arm it was that upheld her, and his voice that whispered holy words of comfort. How the years fled back and left those sacred scenes as present realities!

The tones of sympathy seemed murmuring in her ear, and the loving eyes bent upon her, and then—then came the actual present—a gulf, yawning between them—a gulf of her own making! Grief, shame, sorrow filled her bosom. For what was she sacrificing the peace and happiness of those she most loved? Not for truth—no, she felt it was not for truth, but for a foolish caprice. As such thoughts as these rushed confusedly through her mind, a cold shivering crept through her feeble frame, and a choking sensation filled her throat. She seemed to stand over an abyss from which she had no power to withdraw. She would have touched the bell, but in the effort sank fainting on the sofa, where she was found shortly after by Mary, who had returned from school, and not finding her mother in her chamber, had sought her hastily in the library. Much alarmed at her condition, she quickly summoned the servants, and using such remedies as she had seen applied, she had soon the satisfaction of seeing her slowly revive, when she was removed to her bed and the physician summoned. The relapse, as is often the case, proved more serious than the illness from which she had been recovering, and as day after day passed and the fever continued unabated, the doctors began to look serious, and Mary's heart sunk at the evasive answers given to her inquiries; and while she continued in anxious attendance and in vain surmises concerning Grace's silence, we will look in again on our friends at the Convent.

(To be continued.)

KIND WORDS.

A dear friend sends this note: "I loan my Magazine to others, and then put it, with other religious matter, in a railroad station where many people have noticed and read it. One day my husband saw a Catholic priest looking over the reading matter on

the desk; and when he was gone, the Magazine was gone, too. I hope it opened his eyes.

How I wish I could put the Magazine in every home in our country! We value it very highly for its instruction, and also its sweet Christian spirit.

God bless you in your work, and make your influence felt far and wide!

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A New Book on St. Peter.

In the October **CONVERTED CATHOLIC** there is a brief notice of a little volume of 130 pages under the title, "St. Peter the Apostle of Asia." It should be widely read; the author's grasp of history and his evangelical spirit make it a valuable contribution to the literature bearing upon the life and labors of the Great Fisherman.

The book can be obtained from this office, post free, for fifty cents.

From amongst its many excellent passages we give the following (p. 101):

UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

In a country like our own, where everyone has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, all churches, in the eye of the law, stand on the same footing, and education being free likewise, all children inherit the right to receive secular knowledge apart from religious training. This being the case, the law cannot possibly recognize any one church as the "Mother and Mistress of all Churches," for the very idea of preëminence is directly opposed to freedom of conscience. To allow such doctrine taught in the public schools would be an abandonment of religious liberty. To be Mother and Mistress of All means subjugation and vassalage, a condition not to be tolerated among free-men. If you acknowledge any Church as MOTHER and MISTRESS in the religious world, you will soon have a FATHER and MASTER in the political world!

The early Christian idea was in har-

mony with the spirit of our own institutions, for it contemplated a **UNITY IN DIVERSITY**. There is just as little common sense in laboring to bring all nations under *one* government, or all nations to speak *one* language, as there is in striving to bring all churches under *one* control. The Book of Revelation constantly speaks of what "the Spirit saith unto the CHURCHES," but utters not a word about what the Spirit saith unto **THE CHURCH**.

It is evident, therefore, that the right to form numerous organizations is of Divine origin, also that true independence is a recognized privilege.

No better conditions than these can be imagined for the promotion of true fellowship, viz., supremacy for none, sincere respect for all.

We continue to send Rev. Dr. Albert B. King's book, "The Purple and Scarlet Woman," for one new subscriber to **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC**. Every week words of praise come to us about this remarkable book. The friends who have already renewed their subscriptions can have the book for fifty cents. This could be done only by the kindness of the author who wishes every reader of this Magazine to possess a copy.

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